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New Parties for Old?

President Butler gave voice to a widely felt and largely justifiable impatience with the old parties in his speech before the Institute of Arts and Sciences. It is an impatience that The Tribune shares and has frequently expressed with respect to much political leadership, Republican as well as Democratic. But does Dr. Butler point the way to any betterment?

The proposal of Dr. Butler is that a Democratic-Republican party be formed out of the liberal and conservative elements of the two parties. As an inevitable consequence there would be formed a radical party. Thus, he argues, would come about "an honest and sincere division of political forces." In effect the proposal is to introduce the European and English systems into America. On the Continent there are numerous groups arranged according to their degree of radicalism or conservatism and running all the way from the extreme left to the extreme right. A government represents no one party, but a *bloc* composed of several groups. In England the two-party system has prevailed until recent times, divided along the lines of liberalism and conservatism. With the rise of the Labor party three groups have resulted that might very roughly be tagged radical, liberal and conservative.

There are no left and right in our American Congress. There are radicals in both parties—Senator La Follette in the Republican and Hearst in the Democratic, for example. There are, equally, conservatives in both parties. The cleavage, in short, is not along the line of radicalism or conservatism. As a result the radicals have never succeeded for any length of time—any more than the conservatives have ever been able to control steadily. The country steers a safe course between extremes.

Perhaps it is true that sheer logic is with the European system. It is the most rational way to arrange human beings in parties. But logic is not all there is to government, especially a democratic government. If the American mind has any conspicuous quality all its own it is a sort of middle-of-the-road common sense that refuses to plunge hell-bent for anything. Is it not possible that our American system rests upon a peculiar quality of the American mind? In a very real sense there is no extreme left and extreme right in the mass of American voters. That is the essential reason why it has never been possible to form a radical or labor party in America. That may very well be the reason why the country has always steered clear of a division as between liberals and conservatives. Most of us live by a mixture of both principles.

It would be easy to brush Dr. Butler's idea aside on the high ground that it is utterly unthinkable. But to do so would ignore the underlying facts. The Tribune is as impatient with much leadership of the Republican party as anybody. But it is convinced that it does represent a very real slant of mind, neither radical nor conservative, but lying somewhere in that middle-of-the-road region of idealistic horse sense of which President Lincoln was the typical embodiment. Its point of view is not nearly so difficult to define as some hasty critics suppose. A truly protective tariff and far-seeing ship subsidy plan are among its typical issues of the moment, for example. So is any legislation which upholds the authority of the central government against those who would break it down. The party was born of the greatest assertion of national authority the country has seen, and it has never forgotten its parentage. It was the Democratic party that yielded to union leaders in the Adamson act, and it is the Republican party that must repair that damage—has already gone far to repair it. There is confusion of issues, yes. There would be that even were there a dozen groups of every tint of radicalism and conservatism. But there is an underlying distinction which in the long run still prevails.

What The Tribune conceives to be the need of the hour is not a new party, but new and abler men in public life. Dr. Butler looks to new machinery to lift the level of American politics. The Tribune suspects that all the devices in the world would not make a better Congress of the present Representatives and Senators. Nor would Dr. Butler's plan put better men there. The new and growing spirit of independence within the parties will probably help as much as anything toward that end. Nor is that any real contradiction of the two-party system. It is simply insisting that the slowly growing political wisdom and independence of the American voters make themselves felt through the old political machinery that has grown up with our national mind and as part of our national inheritance.

Power Gone Mad

Never has the blight of Tammany rule, as exemplified in Boss Murphy, been better described than in the words of Surrogate Cohalan, who told a great meeting Tuesday night why Murphy is seeking to throw him off the bench.

Said Mr. Cohalan:

"What is this mysterious thing called the machine? We see its influence on all sides. It seeks to shape legislation and control the administration of the laws. It attempts to direct and deliver the votes of the legislators. It grants or withholds the smallest permit necessary to the humblest among us in making the slightest alterations in the home, or in the workshop, or in the place of business.

"It assumes to be above the law. It pretends to speak for the people and yet it is the personification of selfishness. It makes a mockery of democracy and a jest of our institutions. It makes and unmakes public men, decides without consultation or discussion the party's platform, and uses, when it can, as a piece of personal property, the election machinery designed to express the will of the people.

"Here in our midst it is individual power gone mad—the will of one man, and that man Charles F. Murphy."

Here is an arraignment of bossism which for force and clearness and compression is difficult to surpass. It was spoken by a man who has studied Murphy at close hand and knows what he is talking about.

The same arrogant despotism that now seeks to depose Cohalan because he was an independent judge told the 734 delegates to the Democratic convention whom to nominate for every office on the state ticket and exactly what should be written in their platform.

If Murphy succeeds in his raid on the bench there will be no judicial office secure from him hereafter. The fight that Mr. Cohalan and his friends are making is not a fight for an individual; it is a fight to keep the hand of Murphy, now firmly clenched about the city government, from reaching out and grasping the bench, which is the last safeguard of the people against the evil thing that Murphy represents.

Hylan and Double Fares

Commissioner McAneny knew whereof he spoke when he characterized Mr. Hylan as "the double fare Mayor." A double fare is not a 7-cent fare, or an 8-cent fare. It is two fares, costing 5 cents each. Hundreds of thousands of the citizens of New York City are now paying these two fares when they ride between their homes and their places of work.

They are paying them because of the obstacles Mr. Hylan has placed in the way of the completion of the Transit Commission's plan for unification of the traction lines, which is the only possible means of providing a single fare from any part of the city to any other part of it. At present each separately operated line charges a separate 5-cent fare. Only those whose places of departure and destination lie on a single line escape with a 5-cent fare. Were Mr. Hylan sincerely desirous of establishing a single fare he would need only to substitute cooperation for opposition in his relations with the Transit Commission.

The commission was established by state authority, which has had charge of the transit situation in New York City since the building of the first subway. It will remain under state authority, whether Mr. Hylan likes it or not, for there is no possibility of his changing the political complexion of the Legislature or bringing about the election of a Governor who is in sympathy with his own fantastic schemes.

While his present attitude continues double fares will continue. And every citizen who pays a second nickel for a part of his ride between work and home will remember Mr. Hylan as the double fare Mayor.

The Governor Should Answer

There is, in the opinion of The Tribune, nothing in the questionnaire of the League of Women Voters that is not a fair question to candidates in the current campaign. Certainly the effort is candid and sincere.

It is true that the Governor is constantly stating his position on all public questions in speeches delivered in his campaign tour and that making speeches in different towns every night is exhausting business. But a candidate is not a private citizen and he has a duty to those of whom he asks votes.

To deny a request to answer campaign questions, particularly when put by women, who are new in politics and have a special desire for enlightenment, seems to The Tribune a mistake. That the Governor is conducting his campaign with the utmost frankness and is answering in his speeches every possible question is not the point. If it will help these citizens to form an intelligent opinion upon the issues to have answers to these questions, The Tribune feels that they should have them and that Governor Miller would be doing a public service by answering them.

What's the Use of Growing Up?

That there are mental short cuts which the keenest psychologist cannot grasp is evident enough from the feats of the chess prodigy, Samuel Rzeschewski. Here is a boy, ten years old, who has given equal battle to some of the ablest players of a game of pure intellect which many persons who cut large swaths in various fields of endeavor have not the hardihood even to attempt.

If Sammy can do that there is nothing within the realm of mentality that boys and girls cannot conceivably do. The thought suggests itself that the day will come when the human brain will be properly wound up in infancy. There will be no need of lower or higher education. The eugenic child spontaneously and sagaciously will accept the universe, including our tiny globule of it and the machinery thereof, as Sammy does the rooks and bishops. He will need no wise professors to show him how the wheels go round. Fordney-McCumber tariffs will be erected by legislators in high chairs. Einstein's theory will be controverted by astronomers of the nursery.

Master Rzeschewski has proved that years don't count for much in cerebral athletics. In grosser games a few of them make a lot of difference. Put the little chess master in the Yale Bowl and he would be taken down a peg. Or let him try the 100-yard dash with the college sprinters. Yet Sammy might remind them that they haven't much to brag of. Ten seconds is about their limit, but Tuck o' Drum, the whippet, went them three seconds better on Long Island the other day, and he was in the puppy stakes at that.

The Excluded Mayflower

The Nova Scotian point of view, printed in another column, about the exclusion of the Mayflower from the international fishermen's regatta lays special emphasis on the fact that the Mayflower is too much of a "yacht." Just when a fisherman becomes a "yacht" is not made clear. But because the Mayflower is of an unusual build, with great possibilities for speed, she is declared not to be of the type of practical fishing schooner needed in the Lunenburg trade, which specializes in freighting and in marketing salt fish, whereas the Gloucestermen make quick trips to the Banks for fresh fish.

There can be no quarrel with the right of the regatta committee to confine the race to a certain type of boat. This intent, however, was not made clear in the beginning, and failure to explain it is in part responsible for the criticism made by the Mayflower's friends.

The exclusion from the race of new types which may develop qualities of value to the entire fishing trade materially lessens the interest and the value of the fishermen's regatta. One of the most appealing things about these races was the fact that they held the promise of being of practical as well as of sporting value. If they are confined to accepted types of ships alone they lose all importance except as sporting events.

"The Book Is Out"

The librarian's definition of Utopia as "the place where there are enough copies of Mark Twain, Dickens, O. Henry and Stevenson for those who want them" brings home forcibly the present shortage of the commonest books in the public libraries.

There is something pathetic in the description given in last Monday's Tribune of the disappointed children and grown-ups thronging the libraries in search of knowledge, education or entertainment, and being again and again told that the books which they want are out. It would be bad enough if this were true only of new books. The library naturally cannot keep a sufficient supply to meet the demand for expensive recent publications of great popularity. That there should be forty or fifty on the waiting list for books of the type of Wells's "Outline" and Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" is regrettable, but understandable. There should, of course, be more copies available if the Library had sufficient funds, but unfortunately the funds are so limited that the proportion laid out in new books is necessarily small.

But that the copies of the "old-timers" like "David Copperfield" and "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are practically never on the shelves and are torn and soiled beyond description from overuse is indeed a reflection on the city's educational policy. New York, the biggest and richest city in the country, pays only 35 cents, where Bridgeport pays yearly $1.28 per capita for library appropriations and where the average in thirty-six of the more important cities is 65 cents.

No possible good can come of the present policy of starving the libraries.

Franklin's First Home

To the unknown public benefactor who has offered to purchase Franklin's first home in Philadelphia, so that it be not destroyed, the nation should be grateful. Such landmarks are only too few, and their historic value is commensurably great.

Franklin later lived elsewhere in Philadelphia. But there is especial interest in the fact that to this house the young boy first came, nearly two hundred years ago, there to live as he made his way as a printer in Philadelphia. Every one remembers the picture which he gives in his autobiography of his arrival in the city early on a Sunday morning, wet from the rain and making a sorry sight as he walked down the street with a huge loaf of bread under each arm, knowing not where to go or what to do with himself.

Franklin was the forerunner of a peculiarly American type. His rise to world prominence entirely through his own efforts, without the advantages of wealth and a comfortable education which Washington, for example, enjoyed, was to become a common story. Washington had some of the qualities and inherited many of the traditions of the English country gentleman. Franklin had all the best qualities of the self-made man. To these qualities he added a versatile mind and a philosophical intellect which made him not only one of the great men of his day but one of the greatest Americans of all time.

It would indeed be a shame to have his first home in Philadelphia destroyed.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Happy Sacrifice

[A New York furrier was recently wounded by an arrow said to have been shot by a movie star who was practicing archery on a nearby hotel.]

At first it filled us with dismay
When, in its mad career,
A vagrant bullet took away
A portion of our ear.
For then, of course, we couldn't know
The way the thing was done—
An actor in a movie show
Was trying out a gun.

We voiced too rudely our reproof—
Harsh, bitter words we said—
When some one tumbled off a roof
And landed on our head.
We never should have gone so far
Did we suspect at all,
That it was just a movie star
Rehearsing for a fall.

The other day we lost an arm
And waxed extremely rough,
And yet it really did no harm,
For one is quite enough.
At such a small and trifling thing
One ought not take affront—
A movie star was practicing
A little broad-ax stunt.

We proudly now our wounds parade,
Recalling each great star
Who, toiling at his art, has made
Our every bruise and scar.
Well lost is eye or arm or ear
To men of glorious name,
And losing them is quite as near
As we shall come to fame.

Calamitous

The fact that the Mahometans are prohibitionists adds another horror to the prospect of a Turkish invasion of Europe.

With Obvious Results

The Boosters' clubs in this country are evidently confining most of their efforts to prices.

Doing Him Justice

As an author, Mr. Hohenzollern is a pretty fair Kaiser.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Mumbling A. B.'s

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Apropos of college education, a subject at present much discussed, I would like to suggest that all colleges immediately institute as part of their curriculum a class in enunciation and pronunciation, for it is most deplorable the way some, and I may well say the majority of college graduates, pronounce the English language. This applies to men whose ancestors spoke the language, as well as to those who have only recently acquired it.

I have worked for college graduates in this city for a number of years, and it is a rare instance where one of them can dictate a one-page paper in such a way that you don't have to ask him to repeat what he has said at least once and sometimes oftener in order to get it. Sometimes those of us who are earning our living at this business simply get to be good guessers and guess half of what is said. They seem to think they can mumble, half enunciate, slide over or do it any old way. There should be a class in enunciation in every college of the country, and a little of the time that is now given to outdoor sports might well be spent in attending it, so that the persons who come in contact with these graduates, be they aristocrats or otherwise, won't get a headache trying to understand what they are saying. A READER.

New York, Oct. 17, 1922.

The Absolute Surrender

(From The Philadelphia North American)

The coal companies seem still hopeful of educating the American people to accept a piece at any price.

The Tower

Copr., New York Tribune Inc., 1922

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in fairies as well as ghosts, and in his latest book, "The Coming of the Fairies," shows photographs of them.

With regards to ghosts, while we have never believed in them, we have always been afraid of them.

And with regard to the fairies, we put it up to Archy the Cockroach.

* * *

"Are there such things?" we asked him.

He replied:

millions and millions
of them i wish
i had a dollar
for every one
i have killed

* * *

"Killed!" we cried, shocked. "You don't mean to say you cockroaches kill them?"

He answered:

we cockroaches
do not get as many
of them
as the spiders do
all insects prey on them
when they can
and they prey
on insects
did you ever see a
little transparent
shrimp just out
of the water
well that is what
they look like
and they taste about
the same way
with lettuce
and sliced tomatoes
and a dash of
mayonnaise dressing
between a couple of thin
slices of bread they
should be wonderful
i wish i had a mess
of the darned things
right now

* * *

"How do you catch them?" we asked the Demon Cockroach.

He replied:

with honey
we gaum a little
honey from a wild bee
tree onto a leaf
and they come and
eat it off
and they stick fast
to the leaves
then we pounce on them
and kill them
and eat them

* * *

"This is frightful!" we cried.

Archy said:

why get so heated
about the confounded
little nuisances
that is always
the way with
you human beings
you are all full of
sentimentality
and no sense
why do you not have
sympathy with the poor
insects which these
creatures kill and eat
it is a case of
eat bug or die with all
of us i never saw
you shed any tears
over eating an oyster
or a mess of shrimps or
a half dozen frogs legs
you eat beef and mutton
and fish and pork
and all kinds of birds
without a qualm
and you would eat insects
too if you liked them

* * *

"Horrible! Horrible!" we exclaimed.

The Cockroach continued:

you think so just
because you have not
accustomed your mind
to it if you
accustom your mind
to it the fact of their
existence and the fact
that they are food
will soon become
as commonplace to you
as snails.

James M. Cox has just returned from Europe, and he is writing about it in "The New York World." We learn from Mr. Cox's articles:

"I think Paris is entitled to be called the most beautiful city in Europe." . . .

"Cathedrals are always of interest." . . .

"The art treasures in the Vatican are priceless." . . .

"The French, German, Dutch and English are great lovers of flowers." . . .

"The most impressive governmental experiments now going on are in Ireland, Czecho-Slovakia, Albania and Germany." . . .

"In making comparison, there are no two cathedrals alike." . . .

"The château district of France is most attractive." . . .

Mr. Cox is one of those who ran for President in 1920.

It seems to us that the American Prohibitionist owes a debt of honor to the American merchant marine. It is his duty to travel and travel and travel, and drink soft drinks all day and all night to make up for the loss of revenue from liquor. We know several of them that we would just as soon see occupying their time in travel.

It must keep the population of New Jersey pretty busy sitting on coroners' juries.

"The next thing you know," said the Old Soak sadly, "these here gov'ment agents that is so set on havin' the sea dry will be a-breakin' open Davy Jones's locker just to see if he ain't got a quart or two of liquid unrighteousness hid away into it."

Maybe one reason Germany hates to pay out that reparation money is that she needs it to prepare for her next war. DON MARQUIS.

COLD CONSOLATION

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Fisherman or Yacht?

(From The Maritime Merchant, Halifax, N.S.)

When is a fishing schooner not a "banker"? According to Lunenburg practice, when she is merely a fishing schooner and not a freight carrier as well. For half a century or more the Lunenburg bank schooner has been of a type fitted both to go to the banks on salt fish trips and to knock about the seven seas as well carrying the same fish when cured to distant foreign markets. It is an efficient type, from an economic standpoint, affording the utmost use of the vessel the year round—fishing in the summer, marketing in the winter. Lunenburg sees no reason why a type of vessel should be abandoned that gives her an independence in the marketing of her fish which she could not have if her vessels were built merely for speed and not for seaworthiness in any latitude in any season.

Lunenburg wants a vessel that will both stand the strain of her arduous work and provide sufficient carrying capacity to make her profitable. When the schooner race was conceived it was the intention that only such vessels should be entered, and therefore the moment the schooner race becomes a yacht race it has no reason in the world for existence. So far the international committee has been able to stand its ground on this principle, and in the interests of the purity of our new national sport we hope they will be able to maintain it.

The Halifax committee have had to stand some very harsh criticism from the friends of the Mayflower because of her elimination from the international race, and there have been some even in Canada who for the sake of avoiding friction would have favored the acceptance of the Mayflower's entry in the race this year. We think it is to the credit of the committee that they have had the courage to resist, and thereby they have been able to prevent the establishment of a precedent which would in time surely have changed the nature of this annual sporting event entirely. The Mayflower is not being rejected for any other reason than the fact that she is not the type of vessel that the contest is intended to encourage.

It is significant that the Bluenose has not been in any way open to the same objection that is made with respect to the Mayflower. And yet objection would surely have been made by many other Lunenburg skippers, all of whom are anxious to find a place for their vessels, if objection were possible. They would rule out the Bluenose as well as the Mayflower if they could, but they have to accept the Bluenose as entirely conforming to the requirements. They are sports enough to try to see if their seamanship cannot make up for the deficiencies that their own vessels may have as compared with others that are strictly "bankers," but they do not propose to race against a yacht. If they could only find that the Bluenose is a yacht, they would gladly have her eliminated, but they do not even suggest that this is the case. The Mayflower, however, is in a different category, being primarily a racer and but ill fitted for the combined duties of fishing and freighting; hence the protest against her.

We have heard objections raised to the Mayflower because she is owned by a number of people who are not fishermen and who have had nothing hitherto to do with vessels. There is nothing in such talk as this—certainly nothing to disqualify the vessel; for in this country, and we presume in the United States as well, landsmen have owned shares in fishing schooners as long as there has been a fishing fleet.

The only point on which the Mayflower is disqualified is that she is not the type of vessel that the race was inaugurated for and it is not proposed to change the intention now to suit those who want to turn fishing vessels into yachts. It might prove to be a very unfortunate thing for the Lunenburg fishing industry if vessels of the Mayflower class were to be accepted for the contest, because there would then be a temptation to modify the type of our fishing vessels in a way that would rob them of the efficiency that has hitherto been their strong point.

It seems a very great pity that the cause of friction should have developed, because it has a tendency to arouse national prejudices, and on the American side of the line there is a portion of the press which delights in doing anything that would create dislike towards anything and everything British.

Of the capacity of the Mayflower for speed we have no doubt whatever, and in the hands of as good sailormen as they have in New England she should on a yachting course be much faster than anything we have on this side of the line. But that is no reason why her model should be adopted by the Lunenburg "banker" for the service he needs, and therefore while the stand taken by the committee against her may to her owners seem arbitrary, yet it is in the interests both of the sport and of the fishing industry. When fishermen begin to copy the Mayflower's model for practical purposes, as they will copy the Bluenose hereafter, then the Mayflower may with justice claim the right to enter.

What Readers Are Thinking

Busses Here to Stay

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The streetcar, bound to its single track, is eventually doomed to the scrap heap. One has but to see the fight that is being waged in Newark to confirm this. It is a finish fight between the omnibus and the streetcar and the streetcar is losing out.

True, the busses are putting the public service corporations that operate streetcars in a very embarrassing position and in hundreds of cases have actually forced them to the wall, but can we afford to let these corporations stand in the way of progress by maintaining a system of transportation that is rapidly becoming an obstruction to traffic?

Did our grandfathers protect the stage coach operators by throttling the development of railroads? Did we stop the development of cable cars to protect the horse car operators? The day is not yet here when the omnibus transportation can supplant the streetcar completely, but supplementary service of the proper kind is needed, and needed badly.

The company operating a big percentage of the trolley systems in the State of Connecticut stands out as one of the few corporations that see the value of this supplementary service. This company already operates hundreds of omnibuses in conjunction with its trolley service—"feeders" to its main lines and city lines, reaching districts hitherto inaccessible.

Here the two methods of transportation are blended into a smooth-working system that brings relief to thousands of people, increases the earnings of the company and its stockholders and renders a valuable public service for which the truly public spirited citizen is glad to pay.

Omnibus transportation is here to stay, and only ignorance of its value to the public at large and the position it has already won in the field of transportation will retard its rapid growth.

L. H. EARLE.

New York, Oct. 15, 1922.

The Disabled Veteran

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is not a consumptive soldier a totally disabled man? Who wants to employ him? What workmen want to work with him? Yet the government a short while ago cut off his compensation money. Not only that, but notified him that he would have to pay the premium on his insurance else it would lapse.

I have been forced to bring my son home from the mountains, where he had a chance to live—though in the backwoods—in fairly good health for a number of years, to this city, which is one of the worst places where he could possibly be, for want of funds to pay the expenses of his wife and two children. Why not let this young man and other young men similarly situated have a chance to enjoy a few years of life—have their compensation money now?

"Totally disabled!" Has a soldier got to die before he is declared disabled? He deserves better treatment.

AN AMERICAN FATHER.

New York, Oct. 17, 1922.

A Wild Oat Sowed at Sea

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Prominence is given to the dry ship agitation as if it were solely a question as to whether our ships can be made to pay unless the inducement is held out to prospective travelers that they will find an open bar on board. Will you kindly give prominence to another aspect of the question which arises if liquor is allowed to be sold? This is indicated by the following quotation from a private letter, written on board to a young friend by a nineteen-year-old boy, who, at the end of his freshman year, was taken to England in July on an American liner by a relative for a summer outing. He writes: "I am getting to be the old 'booze-hound' all right. With a bar on board, and wine flowing like water, how could you get away from it? The wine is here and it is great. In fact, I had five drinks yesterday. The strongest I had was a Martini, and it nearly knocked me cold for a minute. However, it was very good."

It seems to me you owe it to your readers to present this concrete example of the influence of the open bar on American ships upon our American youth. I do not believe the American people will stand for it. Some of us who have crossed the Atlantic have discovered what an intolerable nuisance an open bar becomes to many. It is like having a common saloon thrust upon you where you cannot get away from its neighborhood.

SQUARE DEAL.

North Adams, Mass., Oct. 15, 1922.